

The Historie of

Which 1400.yeaes agoe were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:
But this our purpose is twelue month old,
And bootles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coosen *Westmerland*,
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauy newes;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herdfordshire* to fight
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude handes of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered:
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameles transformation
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) retold or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our busines for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious L.
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer valiant and approued *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillarie,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,

Henry the fourth

Stainde with the variation of each
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this sea;
And he hath brought vs smooth and easie
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and two
Balkt in their owne blood did Sir
On *Holmedons* plaines: of prisoner
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldest
To beaten *Douglas* and the Earle of
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*
And is not this an honourable spoile
A gallant prize? Ha, Coosen is it not?

West. A Conquest for a Prince

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honour
Amongst a Groue, the very straight
Who is sweete Fortunes Minion and
Whilst I by looking on the praise
See Ryot and Dishonour staine the cheek
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could
That some night-tripping Fairy
In Cradle clothes, our Children were
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and
But let him from my thoughtes:
Of this young *Percies* pride? The
Which he in this adventure hath
To his owne vse he keepes, and se
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle

West. This is his Vnckles teache
Maleuolent to you in all aspectes
Which makes him prune him selfe
The crest of Youth against your

King. But I haue sent for him to
And for this cause a while we must
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

Strainde